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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE diplomatic meteorologists are hardly more reliable than their prototypes who write round our quaint weather. All the prognostications for the Paris Conference were gloomy, but against every expectation the erratic planet of goodwill elected to shed his beams quite copiously on the gathering, and some sort of an agreement was patched up with surprising ease and expedition. "Anything for a little peace" seems to have been the delegates' motto, and to have determined everybody, but in a special measure our own representatives, to concessions all round. Of course, the big problem that was in the back of everybody's minds, that of Inter-Ally Debts, was not touched upon in the official proceedings. The main outlines of an Anglo-French settlement were, however, whispered about, the proposal being, apparently, that France should make over to us annually some small proportion of her receipts from Germany.

THE FRENCH DEBT

We are aware of the arguments against letting our Allies' payments to ourselves be dependent upon Germany's payments to them. We have to pay America year by year regardless of what we get out of anybody else. It seems very unfair that we should be doubly penalized in case of a German default: (1) by not getting Reparations ourselves in the expected measure; (2) by not receiving from France the sums counted upon. The answer to this is a question. Does anybody seriously believe that France, in her present rickety financial condition, is going to undertake and carry through an external payment on account of war-debts, irrespective of what she receives from Germany? And if such were the case, could we logically insist upon getting payment from France, and yet withhold her from such disastrous means of pressure as the Ruhr Occupation? We stand to lose far more in the long run from the insecurity engendered in Europe by a France burdened with debts beyond her capacity to pay, than from the contingent loss of a few million pounds. Nor must we forget that the French will expect no less

Everything's right—
if it's a

Remington
TYPEWRITER

First in 1873—
First to-day!

favourable treatment than that we accord to Italy. Italy has not the faintest intention of endangering her budgetary equilibrium by excessive payments; and we should not really be the gainers were she to do so.

RUSSIA

The Conference over, questions of general policy will come once more to the fore, and Mr. Chamberlain will have a chance to show how different is the foreign policy of a British Conservative Government from the farrago of sentimental fatuities which serves the German Nationalists, and some other "parties of the Right," as such. We believe that Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Chamberlain are quite as fully aware as was ever Mr. MacDonald of the desirability of helping our goods to enter the Russian market. They are certainly in a far better position to negotiate with the representatives of the Soviets, and to observe with indifference the "monkey-tricks" (Mr. MacDonald's expression) of these gentlemen. Probably it will not be long before we hear of a resumption of the negotiations which ended so dismally last autumn. An additional incentive to resuming negotiations with the Russians is provided by the retirement of Mr. Hughes from the State Secretaryship of the U.S.A. Senator Borah, who presides over the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, will thereby increase his ascendancy in the counsels of the Republic, and he is notoriously an advocate of a less rigid Russian policy.

AMERICA AND WORLD PROBLEMS

It seems to us that rather too much is being read into the substitution of Mr. Kellogg for Mr. Hughes in the direction of the foreign policy of the United States. There is no solid reason for anticipating any marked change in that policy. The retirement of Mr. Hughes deprives his country of a statesman who had gradually formed very definite opinions on the major problems of international politics, and whose lucidity in explaining his country's attitude left no room for doubt in the minds of European leaders. Mr. Kellogg has naturally been reticent on those problems, and until he shows his whole hand there may be some little uncertainty, some disinclination here and in Europe generally to put forth proposals based on the supposition that the policy of the United States is fixed. But we feel sure that when the hand is exposed it will be found to be substantially the same as that held by Mr. Hughes, though the playing of it may differ a little, notably in regard to Russia.

THE EXCESS OF IMPORTS

Never, except during the war, has the balance of trade been so heavily against this country as in 1924. The returns just published show that imports have exceeded exports by the enormous figure, £344,331,000. There is only one remedy. This country must produce more, produce more cheaply, and develop new markets. We are glad to find Mr. Clynes impressing on Labour the need for co-operation with those who finance and direct production, but who can be hopeful that Labour as a whole will appreciate the necessity of waiving

or postponing claims which send up the cost of British goods if conceded, and suspend production if denial is followed by strikes? Only part of the responsibility, however, falls on Labour. The ferocity of taxation explains much, and we hope that Mr. Churchill may be able to enhance the good opinions he has won in Paris by a reduction in expenditure at home when the time comes for him to introduce his first Budget.

A NEW POLICY IN INDIA

Rumours reach us from India, though only from quarters in which the wish is father to the thought, that the present Home Government contemplates terminating the Montagu-Chelmsford experiment before 1929, the date originally fixed for an examination of its results. Whatever may be behind these rumours, we are confident that the course of events in India will necessitate more or less complete withdrawal from the experiment within two years. If that is not realized at the India Office now, it will be in a very short space of time. The first condition of continuance till 1929 was that Indians should seriously co-operate in working the scheme, and that has never been fulfilled. The longer the inevitable abandonment of the scheme is delayed, the greater will be the difficulties and the severer the reaction. Lord Birkenhead should act now, with the Government of India, by permanently abandoning the scheme in those areas, Bengal and the Central Provinces, in which it has been suspended by Indian hostility. The result would be anomaly for the moment, but since Province differs from Province almost as much as one European country from another, that need not weigh on him.

THE PRISON COMMISSIONERS' REPORT

The prevailing idea that crime is on the increase, fostered by the prominence given to it in the Press, is erroneous. The Prison Commissioners' Report for the last financial year shows not only a decrease in the daily average prison population compared with the previous twelve months, but a still larger decrease when compared with the figures for the five years ended with 1913-14. This is highly satisfactory so far as it goes, but unfortunately there is another side to the picture not quite so illuminating. One is not surprised to find unemployment responsible for a large number of convictions, but it is distressing to note the reference in the Report to the convictions of youths who, unable to find regular employment after leaving school, "have had their characters sapped by passing several years in a state of idleness." But for the success attending those forms of social service which provide healthy recreation and mental outlook for young persons, the numbers of convictions due to this cause would have been even greater than they are.

A REMEDY

"It is rare," say the Commissioners, "for a lad or a girl to be received into prison who has been a member of a good boys' or girls' club, a boy scout or a girl guide." The facts disclosed by this Report seem to us to call for Government intervention, and we suggest the setting up of a Select Committee as soon as possible after Parlia-

ment reassembles for the purpose of finding a remedy for a condition of affairs that has not only a very serious individual aspect, but is fraught with the greatest danger to the nation. The surest remedy is an extension of the school age, which in the abnormal circumstances would be a sound step of national insurance and would, moreover, be of permanent and active benefit hereafter.

LABOUR DISSENSION

The pillars of the late Socialist Government are disporting themselves in the freedom of another hemisphere. Mr. MacDonald fled the slings and arrows of outrageous criticism by decamping to Jamaica, whither he was followed—by pure coincidence, of course—by the redoubtable Mr. Thomas. But even there he is not immune, for no doubt the cables have informed him of the utterances of the wife of his late Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, in the land of liberties, has been calling Mr. MacDonald the worst political leader this country has ever had. Let brotherly love continue. It becomes increasingly clear that the late Premier's prestige among his party has been fatally undermined and that if he can continue for a while to maintain the leadership, it will only be "wi' deeficulty." What also is plain is that Labour and Communism have come to the parting of the ways. The next election, whenever it occurs, will be an election in which Communism will stand as a party not only distinct from, but hostile to, Labour.

THE "SOUTHERN" SUBURBAN SERVICE

A great deal has been said and written lately about the Southern Railway service. Nearly every comment, however, has been confined to the main line services. Bad as these may be, the suburban service is a great deal worse, and it is curious and disproportionate that this branch of the system should be overlooked. The suburban service is in process of being electrified and this entails, as we are fully aware, considerable technical difficulty. Moreover, the fact that new rolling-stock, suitable to an electrified system, will shortly be necessary precludes the possibility of improved stock for the present steam service. Such facts do not, however, explain or excuse the kind of inefficiency which mars the daily running of the Southern suburban service, particularly on the old South-Eastern section of the line. Unpunctuality, dirt, and ill-lighting, or no lighting at all, cannot be justified by reference to an electric future. It is the normal experience of travellers on suburban branches after dark to find one or more coaches of their train unlit. This is preposterous and, what is more, dangerous. Has Sir Herbert Walker any explanation to offer?

QUEEN VICTORIA'S STATUE

We find ourselves at one with Lord Rosebery and the distinguished artists who have objected to the proposal to shift the statue of Queen Victoria. As she is reported to have foreseen when some other royal statue was about to be transferred, a precedent of this kind is the enemy of all finality; and assurance that posterity will not remove monuments is necessary if contem-

poraries are to be zealous in establishing them. Once it is understood that monuments can be removed from their original sites the public will not support their erection, and artists, who plan to fill a particular position, will be cast into despair. The statue of Queen Victoria at Westminster may be mediocre as a work of art, and it may occupy a position not justified by its quality as sculpture; all that is irrelevant. It was designed for a certain site, in the Houses of Parliament built in her reign, and should be left there.

IRELAND

An Irish correspondent writes: The Free State Government has many difficulties to overcome, and of these the majority come from within its own ranks. On Saturday last Mr. Kevin O'Higgins, Vice-President to the Executive Council, issued the first public pronouncement on the Government's attitude towards the so-called "National Group." This group, it will be remembered, was formed by Mr. McGrath upon his resignation of the post of Minister for Industry and Commerce after the mutiny in the Free State army last March, as a protest against the incompetence of the Ministry of Defence, which according to his view had directly caused the mutiny. At the end of October Mr. McGrath and his followers resigned their seats for no very obvious reason other than the Government's refusal to reinstate the mutinous officers, this being the chief impediment to the little National Group's re-uniting with their party. Now the Government, through the mouth of Mr. O'Higgins, declares its determination to have nothing to do with the National Group and repeats its refusal to contemplate either the reinstatement of the dismissed officers or the purging of the Civil Services of all Protestants (presumed by Mr. McGrath to be *ipso facto* Freemasons, and therefore abominable to all good Catholics).

FREE STATE FINANCE

The Government suffered another bitter attack on Friday when Mr. O'Donnell, in a lecture, severely criticized the way in which the Free State finances were managed. Mr. John Dillon (Leader of the last Irish Party in the House of Commons) supported him, and denounced particularly the expense of an unnecessarily large army, the method of public accountancy, and the absence of any attempt to pay back the very considerable debt owed to Great Britain. On Saturday night, while speaking at a public dinner, Mr. Ernest Blythe, Minister for Finance, answered the attack, and protested that the Government was gradually getting matters straight, though it had as yet had neither much time nor much encouragement. The Free State could not afford to pay back Great Britain at present, but it was a mistake to suppose that the state of the finances was not gradually improving. The Government was doing its best to get its house in order. It is obvious to British eyes that the task is a heavy one and would, undoubtedly, be easier were all the Treatyists to give the Government honest support rather than continual and, for the most part, unconstructive criticism.

THE PARIS CONFERENCE

THE Paris Conference has patched together some sort of an agreement with surprising speed and a quite unexpected absence of bitterness between the principal participants. One more obstinate tangle in the vast complex of politico-economic problems which includes Reparations, Debts, "Security" and Disarmament as minor centres of confusion in the general imbroglio, has yielded to skilful plucking, where angry tugging would but have worsened the muddle. First to review in all brevity the work achieved by the Conference. It had two main problems to deal with officially, and a third of even greater import nominally excluded from the agenda but actually bulking very large in the thoughts and motives of the participants—Inter-Ally Debts. The professed task of the Conference was first to decide how the "Dawes Annuities" (as the yearly payments now expected from Germany are popularly termed) are to be partitioned, and, secondly, to determine what form the final accounts of the occupation of the Ruhr shall take. A thorny legal dispute lurked behind each of these points. Partition of the Annuities apparently presupposed deciding upon the legality or otherwise of America's claim to a share, despite her failure to ratify the Versailles Treaty; squaring off the Ruhr Occupation accounts seemed to imply the adoption of some common attitude towards the legality or otherwise of that unhappy and ill-starred adventure. Both these rocks were by some miracle of diplomatic navigation avoided, largely, it seems, thanks to our own national capacity for turning a blind eye to legal aspects when these tend to interfere with the common-sense view which holds out some chance of solutions. For despite the cheerful messages of our Paris pressmen, it is clearly we who have given way on each point in principle, while our friends have but abated their pretensions in detail.

The Ruhr Accounts problem took the following form. From January, 1923, till the autumn of last year the French and Belgians extracted a certain amount of wealth from the occupied territory in a variety of forms. They made extensive seizures of cash and commodities. They imposed taxation, and they formed the Ruhr and Rhine railways into an organization of which they pocketed the receipts. At first by direct military force, and later through the medium of the "Micum" agreements with the Ruhr industrialists, they obtained considerable quantities of coal, by which Italy also benefited. Against these receipts they had to pay out a great deal of money to maintain the large armies and large civil administration placed in control of the occupied territories. Now, said the Franco-Belgians, we have done all the work collecting these payments in cash and kind from a recalcitrant debtor. We shall credit Germany with these sums that she has disgorged to us, and by that much our claim on her will be reduced; consequently there will be more for the other Allies from other sources. But in view of this we can hardly be expected to pay the expenses out of our own pocket; they must be deducted from the sums debited to us. The British objections to this were obvious. The Ruhr enterprise was undertaken against our advice, and in our view impeded

rather than aided the collection of Reparations. Consequently we strove to limit the expenditure borne by the Reparations account to the margin of *extra* cost incurred by France and Belgium through having to maintain their troops rather in Germany than in France. Our thesis has not prevailed. Broadly speaking, the Franco-Belgian Ruhr balance-sheet has been approved; and on the other point, too, we have yielded. America is to take no mean share in the proceeds of the Dawes Plan, though a good deal less than she first demanded. Limit our purview to these results, and it would seem that Britain had suffered something like diplomatic discomfiture.

Yet we do not think that the position would be justly so described. The ultimate goal of British policy lies, we suspect, in regions whence the assignments of a few million pounds more or less to this or that Ally, or to herself, appear as puny eminences in a misty distance. The condition of things towards which we aspire is undoubtedly one in which all exacerbating relics of war-time abnormality shall have disappeared—Inter-Ally Debts, Reparations, "Liberation" liabilities hanging over the necks of new states like Poland and Czechoslovakia—in brief, the whole mass of claims established in unprecedented conditions, the fulfilment of which is felt by every debtor to be an injustice. Only very gradually can such a programme become practical politics. Bitterness and ignorance still block the road on every hand. But, meanwhile, every step in the process of reaching provisionally tolerable and workable arrangements with those tied up in the post-war finance tangle with ourselves is a victory for British diplomacy, even if the accord has been reached on paper more at our own than at others' expense.

We have, it seems, squared up the accounts of the Ruhr, swallowing our juridical scruples, though making it clear, we trust, that our objection to headstrong and romantic gestures remains undiminished. We have fixed the apportionment of the Dawes annuities to the grave dissatisfaction of Belgium and Rumania, but in a way that more or less removes the occasions of friction between the major Powers. But the source of these annuities, the not too sure source of them, is Germany. It would be grossly foolish to take prodigious pains to apportion a great volume of wealth, and to leave the inflow of that wealth subject to the risks of stoppage inseparable from a continued tension between Germany and the Allies. As we write, the political leaders of that country still chase phantom coalitions down the deceitful lobbies of the Reichstag, thereby giving as pitiable an exhibition of the after-effects of Kaiserdom as could well be imagined. Yet this faction-ridden land presents a united front to the Allies on the disarmament question. The German Government has answered the recent Ambassadors' Note on the motives behind the non-evacuation of Cologne. It does not seek to controvert the accusations made in that Note—it merely denies them fundamental importance. In the next few weeks we have got to decide whether we mean to tackle the German problem as part of a greater whole, basing our actions not on textual interpretations of the Versailles Treaty, but on the certainty that an embittered Germany means a peaceless Europe: just as we have shown our desire to approach the Debt problem with an eye to the immeasurable

asset of a Europe at unity with itself, rather than to millions that might easily cost us more in friction and unsettlement than they would bring us in goods. There is vague talk of a sensible and generous offer being made to the French to accept a fixed proportion of their Dawes annuity receipts in settlement of our claims. We hope the generous and instructive wisdom will find expression in the next communication to Germany. For

You may ride us
With one soft kiss a thousand acres ere
With spur we heat an acre.

We seem to hear these Shakespearean lines on the lips of every European statesman who seeks in the impending months to reach a settlement of outstanding disagreements with us. If we bear them in mind we shall avoid many mistakes.

THE FACTS ABOUT FOOD

VI—EGGS

CONDITIONS in the British egg-producing industry suggest at once both the need for co-operative effort and the inefficacy of partial and purely local schemes of co-operation. There exist in this country at the present time about 250 agricultural co-operative societies, with a membership of close on 70,000 and an annual turnover of about £11 millions. Only forty of these societies have to do with poultry and eggs. Several in this small number have done excellent work on a scale that seems considerable till we relate it to the facts of demand. Thus, though the Stamford Association last year dealt with 1½ million eggs, it supplied to Nottingham, which naturally takes the bulk of its output, only four eggs per head of population in the whole year. There are, to be sure, larger societies, and that at Framlingham, which, with that at Anglesea as rival, is probably the nearest to a model organization at present, deals with some 22 million eggs in the year, and has a membership of 5,000. But the societies individually are not strong enough in the areas in which they respectively operate, and in the absence of a central organization they cannot avert the two evils of local gluts and local dearths. At the present moment there is a difference of 5d. a dozen in the price of eggs between Nottingham and Lancashire, and no local society can cope with developments of that kind.

Egg-producers in this country have made some useful endeavours to reproduce here certain features of the very thorough Danish system, but they do not seem to have grasped the truth that co-operation is effective in Denmark because the co-operative distributors have almost a monopoly. The lesson of Denmark is that co-operation must be accompanied by virtual monopoly and by standardized prices. Now in the British market the supplies of eggs through co-operative bodies are relatively small. The total for which co-operative bodies are responsible is only a fraction of the 1,750 million eggs produced, to take the figures of two years ago, in this country. But the British total is only about forty per cent. of the grand total of eggs demanded by the British consumer, some 2,575 million eggs being annually imported from abroad. The position has altered not only since the war, which gave British egg-production

stimulus, but since the inquiry conducted by the Linlithgow Committee, for though Russia, an enormous supplier before the war, is still out of the market, many foreign countries temporarily crippled by war conditions have gone far in the last year or two towards recovering their original position. Poland is exporting eggs to England on almost its former scale, and Rumania and the Ukraine have begun to send large consignments through Danzig. An important new competitor is the Argentine, which has the advantage that the laying season there synchronizes with the season of scanty production here, and which now places good eggs, standardized, and well packed, on the English market within a fortnight of production.

It is idle to expect, under these conditions, that imitation of Danish methods will ever put this country in the fortunate position of Denmark. Still, very much more could be done than has yet been attempted to secure reasonable and steady profits to producers, and good and fairly cheap eggs for consumers who want the home article. In the first place it is to be noted that the ordinary position as between the home and the imported product is not reproduced in the egg trade. The foreigner does not offer his article throughout the year at a price below the lowest at which the home product is sold. On the contrary, the autumn imported egg is priced seventy-five per cent. higher than the spring home egg; and with such a margin to justify expense by British producers, it ought to be possible to undertake measures for the increase of British supplies during the autumn. There is undoubtedly room for improvement in the facilities for preserving home-produced eggs. The methods in vogue are: water-glass, which suits the petty producer; lime; freezing; and "process," the American method of dipping the eggs in heated oil for about seven seconds. Co-operative societies have done something to improve facilities locally, the Framlingham body, for instance, having provided reinforced concrete tanks for preserving eggs in large quantities when there is a glut in spring, but there is a great deal more that could be done in several of these directions. Packing also might well be improved and made cheaper. The cardboard packing now used is neither as good nor as cheap as it might be, and wooden boxes, despite the leniency of railway charges, add heavily to the cost of transport, and consequently to the price of eggs. Incidentally, as concessions in freight on returned empties apply only to parcels above the minimum of 28 lbs., the small producer gets no benefit from them. And there are other minor changes that might usefully be introduced or experimented with.

But co-operation on a much greater scale is needed to cure the main troubles: local gluts, local dearths, high prices without corresponding benefit to the producer, and uncertain quality. It has been estimated by one authority that, given co-operation on something like the Danish scale, the average British retail price could be reduced by ten per cent., the producer could be assured of a ten per cent. profit, and workers employed by him could be guaranteed a minimum wage of £2 a week. The practical difficulties are considerable, and a really complete co-operative system is out of the question until the producers are as well organized as the distributors. But at least one compre-

hensive scheme, associated with the National Utility Poultry Society, though not in detail formally adopted by that body, is in existence. According to this scheme, the author of which is Mr. Day, of Stamford, what is required is joint work by the National Farmers' Union and the Ministry of Agriculture, the latter undertaking the propaganda and the former the organization. A single expert would be appointed to carry through the organizing work. The country would be covered with collecting stations for small producers and with marketing amalgamations for large producers. There would be a central body, which for the greater part of the year would do no more than advise local producers' organizations of the areas in which glut or shortage was expected, but which in the spring would buy and preserve eggs on a great scale with a view to competition with the foreigner in the autumn. Producers' societies and consumers' societies would be bound together in the service of their common interest. Instead of offering comment on this scheme, we may simply point to the good work done by the Scottish Farm and Poultry Producers' Association, which sells eggs for outlying societies at a commission of only five per cent., against which certain profits are returned to its clients, and which has effected great economies. But co-operation, as we suggested in an article on bacon, must go outside the farmers and poultry producers. It is preposterous that fowl-food should be dear while wheat offal is being shipped from Hull and Liverpool to Denmark for the benefit of competing Danish poultry-farmers. We are drawn once more to the conclusion that all agricultural interests must work together.

[This article concludes the series on 'The Facts about Food.' Previous articles in this series appeared on November 29, December 6, 13, 27, 1924, and January 3, 1925, copies of which issues can be had on application. Next week we shall publish an article summing up the lessons to be drawn from this investigation.]

MIDDLE ARTICLES

UMBRELLAS

THE verses at the end of 'Twelfth Night' complain of the weather in the refrain:

For the rain it raineth every day.

The season at the end of the sixteenth century may have equalled our late burst of flood and water, to which at least we were accustomed, as it has been a year of constant rain. The last day at Wembley, like many at the Oval, was a forest of umbrellas. *Quod petis umbra est*, the sundial may say without rebuke in hot seasons; but last year it was not *umbra*, but the Italian diminutive, *umbrella*, "a skreen," as Johnson notes, "used in hot countries to keep off the sun, and in others to bear off the rain." The shade of Jonas Hanway, who introduced this screen to English derision in the eighteenth century, must have long since been fully satisfied. The harvest of the umbrella-makers of late must have been abundant.

In Oriental countries the umbrella has been, and still is, glorious, honorific, a thing of bright colour and noble proportions carried over the heads of princes. In ancient Greece the aliens shaded with it the heads of Attic maidens in sacred pro-

cession. It may, of course, be finery to-day for the sex which is always deeply concerned with adornment, and subject to the vagaries of fashion. Just now it has no handle, only a stubby, flat end. A classic instance of its charm occurred at Eatanswill. Mr. Perker explained to Mr. Pickwick that he was confident about the results of the election. At a tea-party he had given away "forty-five green parasols, at seven and sixpence a-piece. All women like finery—extraordinary the effect of those parasols! Secured all their husbands, and half of their brothers." Tess of the D'Urbervilles had, too, a pretty parasol among her poor finery. But these were parasols, frivolous affairs, like the Japanese articles seen on the river, when it tempts people to coolness instead of submerging gardens and drowning animals. The umbrella that everybody knows is a standard article, gloomily black and nowise ornamental, a thing always on the verge of ridicule and intensely respectable. It would be difficult to find an umbrella figuring well in drama and verse, except as a screen for happy lovers, and we know it only in Lamb's farce of 'The Pawnbroker,' which begins in the second-hand department with, "Carry those umbrellas, cottons, and wearing-apparel upstairs." Aristophanes long since discovered the umbrella as a comic affair. Demos, in the 'Knights,' was told by the Sausage-Seller that he was easily cheated:

Because, by Jove, your ears would open wide,
And close again, like any parasol.

Nature has invented umbelliferous plants, but their ribs spread gracefully upwards from the centre, in the reverse form to the human umbrella, until it has achieved its maximum of absurd futility by being blown inside out. The English umbrella can never be great; it is always respectable, a badge of negative virtue; and popular instinct is sound in calling it after Dickens's famous and hideous character, a "gamp." Nowhere is the English matter-of-factness and indifference to the claims of beauty more prominent than in statues where worthy citizens—tradesmen, we think, generally—figure with their umbrellas, the respectable companions of their successful careers. The college don looks noble in his cap and gown, but ridiculous when he adds an umbrella to the picture.

The contempt of the umbrella is more deeply rooted than the reader might imagine. Men, when they first began to walk upright, learnt that unusual position with the help of a stick. Later, owing to the disturbing and dangerous influence of a mind, they lost their animal health. The hair on their heads being reduced and their clothes being multiplied to an unnatural degree, they got catarrh in various forms, and their lungs became sensitive to wet. So they changed the stick into a screen against the rain, showing a cowardice no soldier considers worth a thought. The umbrella is contemptible, because it is the badge of fear, the commonest fear in the modern world, the fear of catching a cold. And the fear is so far justified that the cold is beyond the explanations of doctors, and may be a harmless nuisance, or a prelude to pneumonia, the terminator of delights and the separator of companions. A man may brave the weather for a hundred days, and jeer at his more cautious companions. On the hundred and first, the rain may strike him down. We knew a man who worked his hardest with buckets of water to

put out a fire. Then the rain came down in torrents and wetted him to the skin, and pneumonia only allowed him a few days to live. Such are the curious and cruel antitheses of Fate.

We would not, however, frighten the courageous. Let us turn to the bishop who wrote:

The rain it raineth every day
Upon the just and unjust feller;
But more upon the just, because
The unjust steals the just's umbrella.

The umbrella, not being regarded as worthy property, is often left behind, or even "conveyed" from one owner to another. Emerson, suffering from aphasia and going for a walk, could not explain what he wanted. At last, he managed to say something about "what people forget and don't return," and the umbrella was brought. The ingenious bishop, once known as "Soapy Sam," resolved that no one should profit by the theft of his umbrella. He had, legend says, a plate engraved for it, "Stolen from the Bishop of Oxford."

It does not always rain, as the pessimist pretends, and Mrs. Gamp herself cherished in her umbrella an allegory of optimism. It was "in colour like a faded leaf, except where a circular patch of lively blue had been dexterously let in at the top." The description reminds us of the ascending notes of the flute in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, which typify the patch of blue sky after the storm. Poor men as we may be to-day, "thronged up with cold," we shall have some day our blue weather at the top, and we shall forget, as Shakespeare did, that the "welkin" means a collection of clouds.

L'ENNUI DES ROIS

BY ERNEST DIMNET

Washington, January 2

EVERY time you return to this country you are surprised at the giant steps taken by the wealth of its cities, its institutions, and its private citizens alike. Park Avenue, now much more than Fifth Avenue the imperial thoroughfare of New York, has been completed within the last eighteen months by five or six magnificent buildings, and its somewhat monotonous splendour seems to be an emblem of America. Washington, shaking herself free of her cold elegance, sends in every direction her dashing new streets or perfect rows of cottages. In spite of habit it is impossible not to observe, waiting by the roadside for their masters, the automobiles of all degrees which will take to their good homes in streets not long ago fashionable the plasterer who makes twenty-two dollars a day, the bricklayer who makes sixteen, or even the negro labourer who begins to sniff at his dollar and a half per hour. No poor are visible, although I am told the professional tramp still exists. I visited, some time ago, a cancer hospital, founded, developed, and still to-day conducted by a nun, the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne: it was hard to believe that these cheerful, well-furnished wards were not part of an expensive private sanatorium.

The possession of wealth, whatever my friend Hilaire Belloc thinks to the contrary, can be an end in itself in America as elsewhere, and gives,

especially to those who are new to it, immense pleasure; but political power seems to have no charm for the American. In most cases he does not seem to realize that his country has become the cynosure of the world's attention. To say that he takes this for granted would only be a poor joke. The fact is that he has not become aware of it, or else, even in the upper classes, hardly cares for it. Probably he is yet too much of an individualist to value what he has not himself acquired. A novel trait is that this is true of the home politics as well. I had expected to find the Republicans flushed with the sense of their victory, but it is not so. Even professional politicians appear indifferent, and will mention the accuracy of the poll taken by the *Literary Digest* oftener than the election itself and the unprecedented landslide which has left them complete masters of the field. Sometimes they seem positively to regret that a man of Mr. Davis's ability should have been crushed as he was. Even in a house where Republican success is the only thing that counts and where it almost means a dynastic progress, I have not been able to discover any enthusiasm. Conversations with people who are uniquely situated and used to open up for one the most interesting vistas reveal not a thing one cares to remember. The Republicans are sure of their position for four years; their principles, as well as the character of their two principal leaders, preclude the possibility of any surprise in their action: so there is nothing dramatic in the near future, nothing recalling in the least the contest between the Senate and President Wilson. Even the editors of country newspapers realize this, as well as the hostesses of the New York or Washington drawing-rooms, where politics only recently ran so high; more than once I have heard as an inward comment in my mind the distant echo of Lamartine's verdict on French politics towards 1860, when the Second Empire felt secure and industrial prosperity seemed like a dream: "la France s'ennuie." If America could ever be bored, she would be bored now.

Prohibition is no longer an issue, for it is beaten everywhere. A year ago, only cocktails and whiskey would be seen; wine was still scarce, although an intelligent pioneer in Washington was making a fortune by going from cellar to cellar and showing eager butlers how easy it is to convert grape juice into *jus de vigne*. Now wine is served on all tables that are not rigidly prohibitionist, and it is not Californian, but generally Italian wine masquerading as French claret, and imported heaven knows how. I myself all but saw the unloading of a cargo in a Long Island cove and the arrival on the scene, through an error worthy of a Palais Royal farce, of a sheriff whom the gift of a case transformed then and there into an absent-minded admirer of the moon. The last word of luxury is the presence in the corner of a drawing-room of a complete bar, which some panelling can instantaneously screen from public view, and where, before or after dinner, the guests can select their cocktail or their chartreuse.

The taxes and how to avoid—not shirk—them, and how much was paid by So-and-so last quarter still make good conversation; so does the scarcity of labour, made worse by rarefied immigration, and the dead surety that, before a year is over, the

unions will demand a five-day week with six days' pay, and that it will have to be granted. In a few men's clubs where writers of editorials meeting with travelled presidents of Chambers of Commerce give the tone, the great, the real, the awful issue, viz., what Japan is likely to do—Will it be in fifteen years? will it be in twenty? will it be in ten?—to keep up her prestige in Asia is discussed *sotto voce*, even when twenty years or ten years seem to be an age hence to people whose strongest instinct is to live in the present. Japan, with her patience, her politeness, and her inscrutability, is the great note of interrogation, but only a very few men and women appear to know it, and the observer is positively astounded to discover that, after five years, in a country which regards last year as Madame de Sévigné regarded "le temps d'Henri II," the issue still the most frequently reverted to is the League of Nations. Republicans are even more interested in this than Democrats, and put you in mind of Raskolnikoff in 'Crime and Punishment.' We Europeans have grown tired of the question, and made up our minds that American participation is the same Chinese puzzle that the Dreyfus affair used to be. But to Americans this defunct issue is as alive as the Dreyfus affair remained to the last in French families, where it estranged brothers and brought about divorces. They endlessly explain how foolish it would have been to embark on an enterprise which, etc.; or they take refuge in the Dawes plan, or in the French, German, or Belgian loans, "so much more practical than the League." Or they gaze at you in mute thought, and the familiar words: "Ah! but the country will never tolerate it," rise from some blank region in their souls. Drawing-room orators trot out Mr. Borah's argument that the League stands self-condemned since it still admits the legitimacy of war under certain conditions, and war must be banned, banned for ever. But the real state of affairs appears when, taking the Republican platform for granted, you have the innocence or the cruelty to ask how your interlocutor visualizes President Harding's Association of Nations or President Coolidge's Court. A sadness suffuses the face, and you feel miserable when the answer to your question is only the other question: "You think these are mere words, don't you?" for there is in America an immense desire to help and an immense sincerity which nobody has a right to ignore.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

EXHIBITIONS

THE TWENTY-ONE GALLERY (Durham House Street, Adelphi, W.C.2).—The work of various artists on view until February 10.

GIEVES ART GALLERY (22 Old Bond Street, W.1). Sketches of Animals and Decorative Art by G. J. Buckle. On Wednesday, January 21, until January 30.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS (Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.1). Thirty-fifth annual exhibition. On Saturday, January 24, until February 21.

BOND STREET GALLERIES (14 Clifford Street, W.1).—Paintings and Drawings. Until February 5.

THEATRES

THE OLD VIC.—'Richard II.' On Monday, January 19.
OXFORD PLAYHOUSE.—Oxford Players in 'The Garter.' On Monday, January 19.

EVERYMAN THEATRE.—'Family Affairs.' On Tuesday, Jan. 20.

STRAND THEATRE.—'The Thief.' On Saturday, January 24.

ALDWYCH THEATRE. The Phoenix in 'The Assigination.' On Sunday, January 25.

TEST FEVER

BY JAMES AGATE

ABOUT the hour which was to bring the news of the third day's play in the Second Test Match and England's reply to the Australians' "mammoth" total, a musician of some distinction "blew" into my rooms. "What's the score?" I asked. "Elgar's A flat" he replied, dumping a huge parcel. Thereupon a colloquy ensued like that attending Polonius's simple: "What's the matter?" When I had explained who the match was between, and that for two days the young country and the old had been at each others' throats, my friend beamed enlightenment. "Ah!" he said, "in South Africa, I presume?"

P— is a composer and, as such, apart from his kind. He is a Viennese Jew of Spanish extraction, born and bred Chingford way, and not, I think, a typical Englishman. For you may know your countryman by his knowledge and love of cricket. Cricket is the defence we put up when we are told that we are not a nation of operamongers. Faced with Verdi's 'Falstaff' or 'Otello,' we reply: Yes, but that's not our job. Who ever asked a greasy Italian to stand up to fast bowling on a worn wicket? Alas! that Puccini himself could have fared no worse in that fatal second innings than Tyldesley, Gilligan, and Tate! The present English eleven possesses an undoubted tail, but we may at least be proud that, like English music, it is not nearly all tail. I have been trying to make up an eleven of British composers, and here it is: Purcell, Arne, Dibdin, Balfe, Wallace, Stanford, Parry, Mackenzie, Bennett, Sullivan, and Costa. What, with here and there an exception, a crew! They tell me the musical times have changed and that places must be found in such a list for Elgar, Holst, and Herman Finck. Even so, we must be the Derbyshire of that world. But the subject is not a pleasant one, and I must get back to my cricket field.

It must be admitted that the fuss created by that morning's evening papers was neither as ridiculous nor as loathsome as newspaper fusses usually are. None of us is really interested in a third of a dismembered female discovered behind a currant bush at Pevensey until the other Mr. Douglas has invested that remnant with pity and romance. But we are all of us, to an Englishman, in thrall to the mimic warfare of those five pitched, possibly too well-pitched, battles down under. Defeat in Australia, on those over-prepared or over-natural wickets, is not really defeat in the sense of an overthrow at Lord's or Old Trafford. We should not really "count" a match played on the asphalt at Olympia. But the business is sufficiently serious for us all pleasurably to have lost our heads on that never-to-be-forgotten Monday morning. Serious-minded financiers—not your mere stock-broker of the tall hat and taller stories, but the heads of firms with a beard, family, and golf-handicap of forty—men of indisputable standing told me afterwards that the news of those two hundred and eighty-three runs and no wicket broken had an appreciable effect on the tone of the Exchange. Bulls became more tauroesque than ever, and bears, for once, laid their churlishness

aside. I myself, who shun your stockbroker far more carefully than any devil, was tempted to have a go at some shares in a disappointing gold mine, which is now credibly rumoured to be about to produce tin. The excitement was tremendous. Or shall I say that it was huge, for strictly speaking, it was not tremendous at all, since there was nothing to be feared from it? The elation and suspense were natural, legitimate, and even praiseworthy. Natural, because your Englishman was ever fond of Aunt Sally, and has no objection to a Sally who, like the Boche, can hit back. Now the war-habit is not easily lost, and the Test Matches provide a vent for a kind of emotion which for the last ten years has known some very intensive culture. Occasional boredom apart, those of us who were warriors, and those, too, who served out the bully beef to the men and the hay to the horses, were for a long period on the very tip-toe of being. To us the Peace has had little to offer except bodily safety. Its *longueurs* have been almost unendurable. I firmly believed the old soldier who said to me: "I'd join up again tomorrow, Guv'nor, if we was sure of another war."

But at the pleasant time of Test Matches we return to those blessed war conditions. Every moment matters, for it may see the last of an English batsman. Suspense is once more in the air. Who, watching fearfully such innings as those played by Hobbs and Sutcliffe, could have bethought him of lesser travail? A lover, he must have overlooked his mistress; a bankrupt, he must have forgotten Carey Street; a worshipper of Shakespeare, he remembered not Drury Lane. To us on the uninteresting side of the globe our newspapers must serve for eyes, and to do them justice they perform that function tolerably well. It is pleasant to hear them determine, like Lady Catherine de Bourgh anent the weather, what battling we shall have on the morrow. The papers told us in nice bold print what each of us was thinking—that there's life in the old dog yet, and that possibly we might, somehow or other, muddle through. If only Hendren could be induced to remember that he is an England batsman, and if Woolley would deny himself that habit of going lame! But there, whatever the result of the match, the one important thing was achieved. Exaltation and the sense of our Englishness had come into the mind again. I blame the papers for one thing only, and that is their monstrous preference for the Southern batsman. Crack though Hobbs is and was, he cracked first, and Sutcliffe did not at once get his proper share of the praise. That Yorkshireman showed a finer impartiality, who said: "If they want to win, let 'em send out the Yorkshire team with Hobbs. T'other blokes ain't necessary."

Shall we win the rubber? I don't know, and I don't greatly care. What I do know is that I shall be in a fever of expectancy throughout every blessed day of the present, and I fear decisive, match, that I shall scale the heights of ecstasy and plumb the depths of despair, and that I shall retain enough philosophy to know that the thing is, after all, only a game, and that the failure of our eleven young men in flannels to beat their eleven young friends is not to send the Empire tottering to its doom.

ART

MR. WALTER SICKERT

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

THE glamour of the 'eighties is not uncommonly perceived to-day. The old men look back through the unpleasant fog of recent years to the gin-palace glow of their Shakespearean youth; the young, who have not yet discovered that anything in their lives can be really pleasant, are romantically envious of those who once saw Leno, and knew Marie Lloyd's genius before it gathered pathos. But only an artist perceived that glamour forty years ago. It seems as if Mr. Sickert, in a divine prevision, had seen the Streatham families swarming over the music hall, and on its splendid ruins erecting the Coliseum; had heard the taxi-cab's hooter above the jingle of the hansom, and had watched the flounce and bustle and train melting away before the fierce necessity of riding pillion on Bertie's "motor-bike." Having seen these future things, he chronicled his own age with a loving minuteness, made immortal the sweep of gallery at the Old Bedford, and the hansoms in old Sloane Square, paid homage to T. W. Barrett, slop-pails, rashers, and iron bedsteads.

His present exhibition at the Leicester Galleries is entirely of etched and engraved work. Into a mould of delicate and suggestive form, Mr. Sickert has flooded all his most intimate perceptions of the beauty of daily life. He has not simply recorded the facts and left memory or imagination to bind them into significance. Being first a great artist, and only secondly a great social historian, he has done that work himself. Whether one particular note be of how Audinet's Restaurant in Charlotte Street looked in '83, or how St. John's Wood High Street, or Houndsditch or Piccadilly, the Queen's, Poplar or old Chelsea in '84, he has made all of such little notes each a complete peep-show of dead days and a dead manner of life. Mr. Sickert is not only a Londoner: he belongs also to Paris, to Montmartre before champagne cost a hundred francs a bottle, to Montparnasse before the Streatham families swarmed there too. He belongs to the happy era when a young man could be held disreputable who flaunted his silk hat and silk moustache at *Mabille* or the Bal Wagram. . .

*Amanda n'a qu'un défaut,
C'est d'aimer trop la friture;
De Mabille à Valentino
Fait toujours course en voiture. . .*

La Gaité Rochechouard, or a Munich beer cellar or the sands at Windstoelen, are all interpreted by Mr. Sickert through that same romantic-realism which has given us his vision of London. Mr. Sickert deliberately chooses as his subjects those which are held, in Streatham, to be petty and sordid and ugly, and he has made them beautiful, not by imposing a false sentimentality such as the Victorians so often imposed on country life, but by organizing them into a significant unity. He does not share Zola's moral purpose, who wrote of 'L'Assomoir,' "C'est de la morale en action, seulement"; but he does share Zola's artistic outlook, as he shares that of Gissing in England. Surely the light streams out from the

laundry, rue de la Barre, at Dieppe, with much the same feeling as it did from Madame Coupeau's, rue de la Goutte D'Or, in Paris.

I seem to have written of Mr. Sickert as if he belonged to the past. It is merely that at this particular exhibition the mood of the 'eighties predominates; but the impulse which is behind it is of all times. Mr. Sickert is still immensely vital. Consider his war picture, 'The Red Cross Nurse.' He has chosen no glorious moment of a woman's battle heroism, or even intense moment of great pain, but the intimate, *genre* moment of changing sheets.

The day-by-day business of life is ceaseless, and it is on this that Mr. Sickert always fixes his eye, because for him it holds eternal meaning. He is not interested in the dreams of an emperor, because emperors die; he is interested in the dreams of common people, who are immortal. "Mon rêve, ça a toujours été d'avoir une armoire à glace." Slops must be emptied though Gordon is in Khar-toum; sheets must be changed though the world is at war. Exquisitely, humorously, sympathetically, sometimes even tragically, Mr. Sickert chronicles the little, mighty happenings, and his work is a great philosophy.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In your last number you print a letter under the heading 'British Foreign Policy,' on which, with your permission, I should like to comment. The letter consisted mainly of a translation of an article published in the *Oesterreichische Volkswirt*, of which the writer of the letter said that "it probably ranks as the most intelligent weekly paper in Central Europe," a statement that will be appreciated by those who know the paper, and by those who don't from what follows here. The article in question is a tissue of clever misrepresentations—propaganda, in fact, made, with little disguise, in the interests of the Soviet Government and against those of Britain. It begins:

All the signs show that the new English world policy is pursuing dangerous paths. Dangerous in the first place not for England herself, but for the peoples and States of Central Europe, the Danube Lands, the Baltic, and the Balkans. For these signs show nothing more or less than the creation of a new anti-Russian block. England and France are the leaders of this movement.

The writer of the article hopes that the signs may still prove deceptive. He enumerates these signs later, however, but without any pious hopes whatsoever. The signs will deceive no one who does not wish to be deceived. But before discussing them it should be said that it is not true to state that England aims at the creation of a new anti-Russian block, though she could scarcely feel passionate regret if an anti-Soviet block of the importance indicated were formed. Nor is it true that France aims at the creation of this block; she aims, as is well known, at the creation of an anti-German block, but as she has broken off negotiations with the Soviet Government, that Government is naturally anxious to hurt her, and its partisans and propagandists retaliate by making such misrepre-

sentations as are made by the writer of the article. It is not true to say, as this writer does, that British policy demands at all times as its necessary accompaniment the suppression of Russia. The suppression of Russia—fudge! What the British public made clear at the last elections was its deep aversion from Sovietism, and in this it expressed British policy.

What are the signs this writer refers to? They are:

the refusal of English credit to Russia, the breaking off of the French-Russian negotiations, the attempt to bring Rumania, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia into an anti-Bolshevik *entente*, and, more important than all these, the obviously artificial and exaggeratedly depicted Bolshevik panic, that London and Paris have let loose on a world for a long time immune against Bolshevism.

I cannot say that I have observed any signs of this Bolshevik panic in London; what was evident was the British determination not to give Soviet Russia a loan nor accept the MacDonald treaties with its Government. Arrests were made in Paris of Communists, but certainly there was no panic. "A world for a long time immune against Bolshevism!" How about the Red Rising in Estonia in December? The Estonian Government suppressed it, and so saved the country from terrorism, mass murders, and ruin. What is the sole reason for the coming together of Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and Rumania—countries that could never form an *entente*, except under tremendous compulsion or menace? The machinations of Soviet Russia are the sufficient answer, and there is no other. This writer, however, has the hardihood to assert that the movements fostered by the Russian Bolsheviks in Middle and Eastern Europe are not directed to Communist aims, the fact being that Soviet Russia supports these movements, so far as not Communist, in order to make as much trouble as possible in these countries, promote disaffection, and instil revolution. Indeed, the Zinovieffs of the Soviet make no secret of their fishing in these muddy waters. A military alliance of the "Border States," the States that border Soviet Russia, will not impart an artificial vitality to Bolshevism (as this writer concludes his article by stating) in these countries where it is now virtually extinct; for Bolshevism is not virtually extinct in these countries, but, on the contrary, is artificially kept alive and made aggressive, as was shown in Estonia, and calls for a firm and united front to combat it. A conference of Finland, Estonia, Latvia, and Poland is to be held on January 16 at Helsingfors, and presently we shall hear what they think of doing.

I am, etc.,

ROBERT MACHRAY

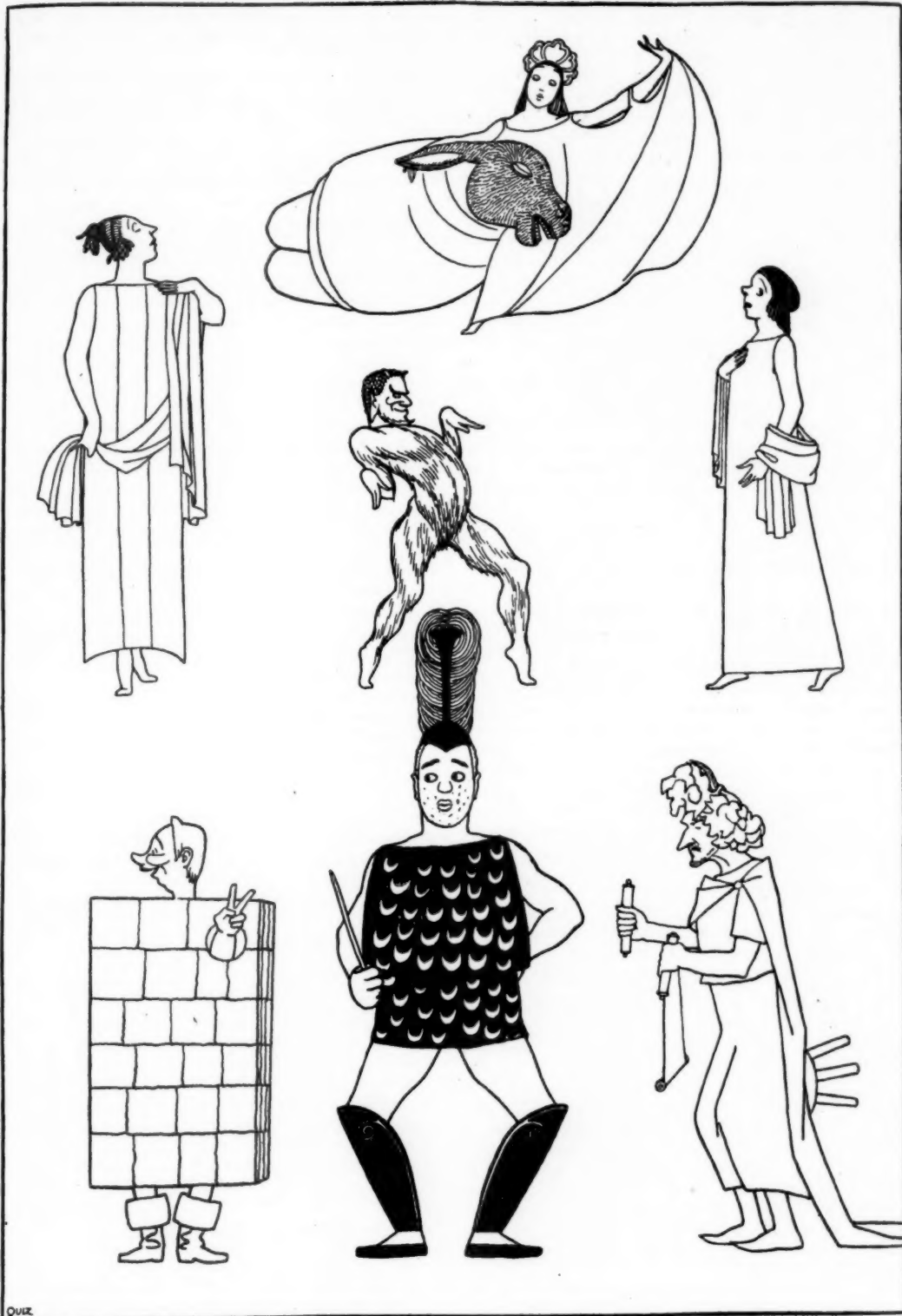
37 Queen's Gate Gardens, South Kensington

'WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD?'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—How can there fail to be uneasiness and sickness of the body politic when beneath and throughout our civilization is a violence that projects itself into nearly every phase of our living, not even excepting our amusements? It is a disintegrating influence. It may seem at first sight an irrelevance to co-relate the article 'What's Wrong with the World?' and the review under the heading 'Stocking a Dominion' in the same issue of your paper; yet these are side by side in my thought. I am bound to join issue at the very start with the statement that it seems to be a fitting corollary to make a paradise of natural beauty also a sportsman's paradise. Surely it is a most unfitting corollary.

It might be that, risk and damage in transport eliminated, to add to the existing beauties of a country the attraction of varied and interesting alien animals would be to increase the sum of that country's delights, but that could only be if these foreigners are to find home and sanctuary there, not if they are to serve man's unnatural and ugly craving for violence and



Dramatis Personæ. No. 134.

By 'Quia.'

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

destruction. Man has seen to it that the dread of him shown by some creatures is well justified. How happy an adventure would it be to try to change that fear-someness into a friendly confidence that would warm the hearts of both man and beast. It is not altogether a fairy story that man, if he will, may lead the beasts onward and upward, helping them to discover their soul, another glorious adventure, but only love will serve him here, and the old barbarism, with its drear accompaniments of pain and death, will have to go.

May we not, for the sake of all that is highest in man, set ourselves to nurse and cherish the moving of conscience that is striving in more thoughtful minds respecting the relation between ourselves and our humbler fellow-creatures? It will soon be impossible to set aside the challenge, for already there is urgent questioning of the worthiness, the decency even, of pursuing pleasure in a weaker creature's distress and death. That menace to humanity, the War Spirit, calls in every form of violent exploitation—it is the War Spirit that maims and holds down the world—its direful threat binds, stifles, paralyzes. Creative effort and initiative faint in its presence, its breath is death. It is to a very different spirit that we must look for healing. Goodwill, generosity, and the unstrained quality of mercy would loose our bonds and give us living air to breathe. At least it would be worth the trial.

I am, etc.,
ADA POOLE

30 Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2

MR. SITWELL'S POEMS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. Osbert Sitwell again protests, but again omits to provide his complaint with any critical substance, and since a pronouncement of incompetence without a scrap of evidence to back it is a waste of his valuable time and, I am sure, of his mental ardour, I am driven to assume that he required not criticism but a panegyric. Instead of confutations he ingeniously heaves back at me the corpse of Dr. Johnson and the character of Mr. Baldwin, and he fortifies himself with a quotation from the work of Lewis Carroll, to whom I did not refer—although I have, of course, already recognized the affinity between 'The Hunting of the Snark' and the volume we are supposed to be discussing. Since Mr. Sitwell cites Scripture for his purpose, may I also quote from the same revelation?

The method employed I would gladly explain
While I have it so clear in my head.
If I had but the time and you had but the brain—
And yet much remains to be said.

I gave some reasons for my dislike of his brother's verse; he gives no reasons for his dislike of my dislike, beyond a repetition of the sublime dictum that reviewing is an essential part of poetry. I leave him waving that triumphant flag over the corpse of Cæsar.

It would be more to the point if Mr. Osbert Sitwell would bend his intellectual powers to the task of evolving a definition of poetry that would suit the work of his illustrious relative: it might be intelligible (of course, it would be well-bred), and possibly quite as useful as another essay in the gentle art of self-advertisement.

I am, etc.,
A. E. COPPARD

Little Poyatts, Skirmett

[This correspondence is closed.—ED. S.R.]

THE ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL FUND

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In the appeal issued by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's for contributions to the Cathedral Fund no mention is made of a previous Restoration Fund that was started, I think, in 1922, with the same

object in view, and received donations of some thousands, if I mistake not. I know I forwarded two guineas to Canon Alexander in August of that year, which was duly acknowledged by the Dean. Boxes for collection, too, to this end have been placed in the aisles ever since.

Has the sum then collected become exhausted by the repairs now in progress? It seems only right that the two funds should be consolidated, does it not?

I am, etc.,
N. W. H.

Montague Street, Russell Square, W.

INCOME TAX AND HOUSE PROPERTY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—It may be of interest to many of your readers, particularly those who are owners or leaseholders of house property and who undertake the cost of repairs, to know that a test case undertaken by the Land Union has recently been decided by the local Commissioners of Income Tax at Warrington in favour of the taxpayer. The points in dispute were whether expenditure on the following items should be allowed where a claim for repayment of Schedule A. Income tax (and reduction of super-tax) in respect of such expenditure was put forward by the owner:

1. Repairs to greenhouses, vineries, etc.
2. Repairs to electric light plant, batteries, replacements, etc.
3. Repairs to heating apparatus, including the replacement of obsolete boilers.
4. Maintenance of pumping machinery for the supply of water to the residence.

The Revenue Authorities contended that the inclusion of the above items in a maintenance claim should not be allowed, but, as stated above, on appeal this contention was not upheld.

It is also of interest to note that at the same time the annual assessment on the house concerned was reduced by fifty per cent., owing to the immense cost of maintaining large houses, and as it does not appear that the Revenue Authorities intend to carry this case further, we very much hope that you will be able to find room for this letter in your columns, so as to bring to the notice of all those affected the important decision given by the Warrington Commissioners.

I am, etc.,

DYNEVOR,
Chairman of the Land Union

15 Lower Grosvenor Place, S.W.1

INFORMATION WANTED

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I am editing for publication a *catalogue raisonné* of portrait drawings by my father, William Rothenstein, of which a number will be reproduced in collotype. I shall be most grateful, therefore, if anyone owning portrait drawings, especially early ones, which I find difficulty in tracing, will supply me with the necessary details.

I am, etc.,

JOHN ROTHENSTEIN

13 Airlie Gardens, Campden Hill, W.8

A LIFE OF T. W. H. CROSLAND

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—May I beg a few lines of your space to say that as I am planning a biography of the late T. W. H. Crosland, the poet, I shall be grateful for letters or other documents relating to him which any of your readers possess and care to forward? The MSS. will be copied and promptly returned with acknowledgments.

I am, etc.,

HENRY SAVAGE

c/o Cecil Palmer, 49 Chandos Street, W.C.2

REVIEWS

BOSWELL REVEALED

Letters of James Boswell. Collected and edited by Chauncey Brewster Tinker. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 2 vols. 36s. net.

PUBLISHED in the style of Birkbeck Hill's masterly editions of Johnson, Boswell's letters will be put beside them by all good Johnsonians, yet with mixed feelings. Prof. Tinker in his brief preface says little or nothing of Boswell's failings, and might have added a few leading dates in his career. He has gathered from all quarters with untiring zeal a heap of letters besides those addressed by Boswell to his intimate Temple, already published, but not, it appears, without unhappy alterations. Here Boswell spoke with his utmost freedom, telling things, indeed, to a clergyman which few would divulge to a layman. The greatest of biographers is certainly some way off the greatest of letter-writers; but his correspondence has the merits of vivacity and remarkable candour. "Put my letters in a book, neatly," he wrote to Temple, and perhaps the vanity he freely admitted would overcome any shame at the revelations they contain. He is tactful and full of good sense; but also weak, morbidly fond of confessing his sins, and too easily given to melancholy and drink. He disarms criticism by rebuking himself, as when he writes of his attachment to his wife, and adds:

Yet how painful is it to me to recollect a thousand instances of inconsistent conduct. I can justify my removing to the great sphere of England, upon a principle of laudable ambition. But the frequent scenes of what I must call dissolute conduct are inexcusable. Often and often when she was very ill in London have I been indulging in festivity . . . and have come home late, and disturbed her repose.

We are reminded of Pepys, and Boswell had the same gusto in life, the same weakness for women, the same practical grasp of affairs, the same gift for recording details. Pepys became an effective prop of the Navy, and Boswell carried himself to immortality in a work of infinite labour and judgment. This he accomplished in spite of the melancholia and dissipation which, when his great pattern of morality was gone, brought his life to an end. Two years after his second edition he was dead, with his career at the English bar unachieved.

Lively and well instructed as he was—his letters are full of ingenious Latin tags—he was too pushing to be an agreeable friend. He sought out famous men with amazing impertinence. He would, as was said of another Scot and man of letters, write letters to anybody. Never was so persistent a wooer of excitement, so clear an example of that intellectual curiosity which distinguished the eighteenth century, and which in the twentieth is chiefly, we suppose, lavished on the reading of newspapers. Such a man could not be happy in the wilds of Scotland: London was Boswell's eternal attraction, and company where his tireless vivacity could hold its own.

He is the inventor of personal journalism, a master of the interview, able even to report to his friend Temple his conversation with his 'Dulcinea of the moment. But, unlike some other interviewers, he sticks up for the truth. He is free in his likes and dislikes. He denounces Gibbon as poisonous to him, and "Hawky," the rival biographer, as "no doubt very malevolent." A touch of spite, we have often thought, adds to the force of his comments in the *magnum opus*. The letters afford some engaging sidelights on it. Everyone knows the inimitable scene of Johnson and Wilkes at dinner. Here we learn that Boswell had known Wilkes for ten years, the two dissolute dogs exchanging classical quips over their gaiety.

"He used," says Holcroft, "to drink hard and sit late. It was his custom during the sessions to dine daily with the Judges, invited or not. He obtruded himself everywhere." We can see the insinuating obtrusion in many a letter. We can see also genuine kindness, the considerate friend and landlord, the man of taste who knew what it was to be painted by Reynolds, the sinner always seeking a better way of life. Wilkes told his friend that he had "two or three souls," and there are many Boswells in this baffling character. We can admire the great artist, but we cannot like the man.

Prof. Tinker has annotated everything with wide knowledge. We have only observed one slip in the text. The *minio* in the Latin about Mary, Queen of Scots, is nonsense: read *minis*.

VERNON RENDALL

A GERMAN IN THE PENINSULA

On the Road with Wellington. By A. L. F. Schaumann. Heinemann. 25s. net.

THIS entertaining book is a good commentary on Napier's feeling remark that "in the Peninsula generally the supplies were a source of infinite trouble on both sides." Without adding greatly to our historical materials, it affords a lively and apparently truthful picture of a famous campaign, as it was seen by a hard-working subordinate in Wellington's supply service. It is a valuable addition to such narratives as those of Kincaid, Patterson, Blakeney, and the numerous other subalterns whose diaries or reminiscences throw so much light on the realities of war a century ago. August Schaumann—or "Mr. Showman," as one of his official superiors happily insisted on calling him—was the son of a Hanoverian lawyer who tried clerking for a few years after the completion of his military service, found it highly irksome, as no one who reads his affable confessions need wonder, and enlisted in the King's German Legion for service in the Peninsula. He reached Portugal in August, 1808, a week after the battle of Vimiera had deprived Junot of any desire to stay longer at the moment in that distressful country. Schaumann was at once appointed a clerk in the British Commissariat "with pay at 7s. 6d. a day and rations and forage for my horse"—this love of verisimilar detail is a characteristic of his narrative—and went through the whole campaign up to Wellington's triumphant entry into France in 1813.

Schaumann seems to have kept an ample diary of his experiences, and in 1827 he expanded this into a full relation of his life for the perusal of his family. He modestly disclaimed any wish to be mistaken for a Casanova, the first volume of whose memoirs was then just published, but the number, rapidity, and callousness of the amorous enterprises with which he soothed the monotony of war must have been highly edifying to his eight legitimate children. The portrait prefixed to this volume shows that he was what Mrs. Cadwallader would have called "a pretty sprig," and no doubt his conquests were not difficult. An abridgment of his autobiography was published in German two years ago, and Mr. Anthony M. Ludovici has shortened this still further and translated it into fluent and picturesque English. It is a vivid account of the author's adventures, probably written in large part from memory, but on the whole quite as honest as it is lifelike. The miseries of the retreat to Corunna—far surpassing those of the retreat from Mons—are forcibly depicted. Schaumann's military criticism is very subjective; he called Sir Harry Burrard "an obtuse pig" and Wellington an "inflated God Almighty," but that was when he was irritated by not getting a good billet. It is the seamy side of war which chiefly appears in his pages; he thinks the English are mostly fools and the Irish mostly rogues—

so different from the clever and good Germans—but perhaps there was some excuse for his innocent vanity; even Wellington himself sometimes spoke outrageously of his troops. We must give a special word of praise to the quaint coloured prints, presumably from Schaumann's own water-colours, which illustrate this volume.

W. E. GARRETT FISHER

ESSAYS IN HUMAN NATURE

The Peal of Bells. By Robert Lynd. Methuen. 6s. net.

WE know what an essay means until we try to define it, and then we discover that our rich and varied mother tongue is not as rich as it might be. For this one word, which we had believed to apply to a well-defined and limited area, must do service for such widely different writings as those vast dissertations into which Macaulay poured the contents of whole libraries, and these abstemious paragraphs in which Mr. Lynd, turning his back on libraries and walking out into the street, comments with wisdom and humour on whatever takes his fancy. He goes out to have a look at horses, at a hotel, at the seaside, at voters, puzzles, and a casino. We go with him and in his company we see much where before we had seen little. He makes some shameful confessions, but so adroitly that we find that his failings are ours, and so, of course, they are very human, and we feel them as a bond of sympathy.

We said that Mr. Lynd leaves the library for the broader ways of life. And so it is that when he touches upon literature, his comments are references, not to other books, but to human nature. In an essay 'On Being Cruel' he reminds us that Ruskin was furious when the critics said that he wrote beautifully, Lamb was irritated when Coleridge referred to him as gentle, and Robert Browning, when someone in public asked him if he were a Christian, thundered "No." We are suspicious of praise because by its very definiteness it sets a limit on the good things that can be said of us. And so he is led on to some much-needed strictures on the modern fashion of "cruelty in writing, but its purpose is decoration, not interpretation. It takes life and makes it more grotesque than it is." Perhaps the modern author fears nothing more than being told that his writing is beautiful, gentle, and Christian. And so cruelty becomes a convention.

It would be a hard task to pick out the best essays in this volume, difficult even for a hardened editor of some collection of the 'Best Essays of 1924.' But two of them, one on 'Street Preachers' and the other a vivid picture of a disconsolate bookmaker in the essay entitled 'Worry,' exhibit both the range of interest and the human sympathy which Mr. Lynd commands; they are good to begin on, and will inspire a search for something as good or better—a search which will be its own reward.

W. FORCE STEAD

A DIPLOMAT'S STORY

Diversions of a Diplomat. By Frank Rattigan. Chapman and Hall. 16s. net.

THIS is a racy and amusing book that is sure to appeal to the general reader, but as it casts not a few sidelights on the events of our time it will be of special interest to the historian, who will find in it some of the colour and movement so often lacking in the more serious works with which he has mainly to deal. The author belongs to a family distinguished in association with India, Harrow and cricket. He was born in India, but his life so far has been passed in other lands. His book opens with a chapter on Harrow and cricket, and then goes on to tell the story of his

career as a diplomat. How he diverted himself during his spare time, holidays, and also occasionally in his regular working hours, is the main subject of this book, which, however, contains a good deal of information, vividly presented, respecting some of the great figures of our day with whom he came into touch. Mr. Rattigan served in Morocco, Egypt, Germany and Rumania, and his canvas includes portraits of Raisuli the Moor, Kitchener, the Kaiser, the German Crown Prince, and the King and Queen of Rumania. He was a member of the Embassy at Berlin when it was attacked by the mob on the declaration of war, and later, as Second Secretary of the Legation at Bukarest, he shared in the perils and privations of the Rumanian retreat to Jassy. Such experiences can scarcely be counted among the diversions of a diplomat, but the tale of them certainly imparts a deeper significance to an interesting and thoroughly readable book.

THE SAGA OF SLAUGHTER

Vikings of the Ice. By George Allan England. Hurst and Blackett. 21s. net.

THE characteristic difference between the travel-books of the French and of those who spring from the stocks of our own islands has long been noted. Though they may at times exchange gifts and vision, the Frenchman renders the æsthetic impression, and the Briton a plain report of the fact. And thus, with matter so akin, what could be more unlike than Loti's 'Pêcheur d'Islande' and the 'Vikings of the Ice'? In both, circumstance is such that it passes into a stupendous dream or nightmare, "de devil's own fruz." But, in place of Loti's poetic sensitiveness and sense of tragedy, we have here the epic struggle against adverse conditions precluding subjectivity. Mr. England has laid first hand upon a tremendous and neglected subject. An American writer of experience, he managed to get himself adopted as one of a crew leaving Newfoundland for the annual seal-hunt that happens on broken ice in lieu of land. And he recognized that the grim fact stated required no comment. Here is a very carnival of cruelty and bloodshed, a nerve-shattering saga of ever-increasing filth and stench and discomfort. No observer is wanted by these hunters: all is the business of sport, the sport of business. Mr. England cheerfully endures, and gladly sighs a "never again" upon deliverance. But he, and the reader whom he will not let go from his grip, how should they wish to have forgone their part in this epic of unspeakable violence and hardship? The Berserker rage may vent itself now upon the brute creation. But, nevertheless, here, in these greasy and gory hunters who shun no peril of chance or ugliness of toil, is the heroism of the Vikings. Mr. England, with the reader in his turn, is captivated by this "hard crowd" whose home is the oldest of British colonies. Unlike Loti, he does not group his sea and icescapes to an opalescent and symphonic monotony. Of the Atlantic seal he duly tells us what is to be known. Is the business decaying, and does the slaughter need regulation? The seals each day consume three million cod-fish—that other staple of the island industry. But it is the sealers that engross him; true "white men," energetically and frantically themselves amid a dire welter of things. Intrepid, indefatigable, they have their own joy of life and slaughter, having achieved completest adaptation. Children at heart, moreover, headlong and good-natured, unconscious of cruelty and heroism. They draw upon a rich store of apt phrase and folklore. What is better than to let them exhibit themselves at large in their picturesque dialect, compounded of French, English, Scotch, Irish? And count them but as elect for a season from the general Newfoundlander, patient and pious, poverty-bitten in the ceaseless struggle against a pitiless environment. The fit and various monotony, so to speak, of the book is achieved.

SHORTER NOTICES

A Gallery of Rogues. By Charles Kingston. Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d. net.

THE close student of psychology in its highly controversial department of criminal anthropology will barely attend to the present volume. The readers of Dostoevsky will find in it no cause for penetrating awe and distress. Here is no parody of the superman as in the 'Jonathan Wilde' of Fielding, nor the ironical enthusiasm of De Quincey considering 'Murder as a Fine Art.' One has to picture an audience of respectable citizens who cherish their popular Sunday papers, and eagerly thrill in response when fond memories of past sensations are recalled. Such clients are met half-way by curious anecdote, easy narrative, presumption that misguided cleverness does not pay. And, after all, this brisk record of strange cases is acceptable. The plenitude and narrowness of the hunting and hunted life are illustrated. What is not to be found in this miscellany of more recent crime? From it a table of character and motive might be drawn up. These murder mysteries, ingenious swindles, miscarriages of justice, offer variety in unity. Fair impostors fascinate, the agents of the law meet craft by craft, and advocates ponder the casuistry of defence. One listens to the humour in court, and learns what happened after the verdict. Or, living in a nightmare, you may conceive yourself faced by bushrangers, marked down by the Camorra. And, the book closed, perchance wonder is left how the "sympathetic" rascals and tragic heroes of literature shape themselves out of moral insensibility, conflict, anomaly.

British Artists Series. Edited by S. C. Kaines Smith. Allan. 5s. net each.

AMONG recent volumes that have appeared in this excellent series we have read with considerable interest those dealing with David Cox, G. F. Watts, and certain foreign members of the Academy between 1768 and 1792. Mr. F. Gordon Roe has made a scholarly and balanced study of Cox, which, while obviously the work of an enthusiast, never exceeds a proper modesty in the estimate of its subject. Mr. C. H. S. John was confronted with the immensely difficult task of writing a readable and very short book on no less than twelve painters. Among them Zoffany, Angelica Kauffman, Bartolozzi, and Zuccarelli are alone of serious value. He has amazingly succeeded. Luckily Mr. Ernest H. Short is a brave man. He has dealt with Watts in the only way which can be entirely complimentary, and produced a book with which we disagree, but which none the less offers a well-presented case for a possible point of view. This is the thirty-sixth volume of the series, all of which are well illustrated and supplied with most useful appendices. We hope Allan Ramsay will supply the subject of an early volume. He is an important omission.

Whaling. By C. B. Hawes. Heinemann. 15s. net.

THIS is one of the best books ever devoted to an industry of the sea. Mr. Hawes writes with the exhilaration and the gusto of Herman Melville, and has rescued from the obscurity of old ships' logs a number of little epics, which rather gain than lose vigour by being reproduced in their untutored language and primitive spelling. He deals chiefly with American whaling, and traces its history down to the time when the small steamer and the bomb-gun superseded the methods of two centuries. Mrs. Hawes has completed the book which her husband's sudden and lamented death left unfinished. The best praise for her work is that it is quite impossible to see where the joins have been made.

ACROSTICS

Owing to lack of space the Rules are unavoidably omitted this week.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 150.

TWO FAMOUS BUILDINGS, LOVELY IN DECAY.
VIEW ONE BY NIGHT,—BUT BOTH ARE FAIR BY DAY.

1. O, theirs was great, for jocosely they laughed.
2. He trembled! Let us lop him fore and aft!
3. Wide in his views and liberal in his notions.
4. Such are the billows of the three great oceans.
5. By God or man enacted or decreed.
6. His task he makes it, fighting-men to feed.
7. So soft and light, ay, and so warm beside!
8. I'll call it "arm-pit," let what will betide.
9. Cut off the heretic, but spare the horse.
10. Our 'Splendid Shilling' under nickname coarse.
11. It follows after what has just been said.
12. A pleasing harmony of sounds behead.

Solution to Acrostic No. 148.

J	erusalem	M
c	O	Rd
H	orseguard	S
N	ecessarie	S
K	iwikw	I
E	rran	D
M	ustar	D
B	rav	O
L	ighterma	N
E	rebu	S

ACROSTIC No. 148.—The winner is Mrs. J. Butler, 84 South Croxsted Road, Dulwich, S.E.21, who has selected as her prize 'Every Wife' by Grant Richards, published by Grant Richards and reviewed in our columns on January 3 under the title of 'New Fiction.' Eighteen other solvers chose this book, 29 named 'Unknown Warwickshire,' 16 'The Game Animals of New Zealand,' 15 'The Memoirs of Sir Hugh McCalmont,' 14 'The Church of England,' 9 'Golden Ballast,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT: Oakapple, Baitho, Capt. W. R. Wolsey, C. H. Burton, M. G. Woodward, Ruby Macpherson, Plumbago, Gay, N. O. Sellam, Twyford, M. Haydon, Carlton, Kirkton, Gabriel, Lilian, Doric, Raven, and Nony Pease.

Other results next week.

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NEW FICTION

By GERALD GOULD

The Next Corner. By Dudley Carew. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net.

The Lonely Lake. By Margaret Ashmun. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

Fidelity. By Susan Glaspell. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d. net.

OLD age is as much a problem as ever, and there is more of it. It begins nowadays, I gather, in the early thirties; those scandalous greybeards who, eleven years ago, flocked to the trenches, cannot be expected to keep up with the stir and hurry of the times: their way of life is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf; and that which should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, they must not look to have. As one young man says to another in 'The Next Corner': "They've had their time. . . . You needn't pity them. They haven't even the wit to learn by their mistakes. They deserve no consideration. They stand in our way." I like that "even." "Even," like "mobled queen," is good. Not even the wit to learn by their mistakes!—that sphere of wit in which youth so easily and so conspicuously shines. And yet a doubt intrudes. On the very page preceding this outburst there is an account of life at Oxford. (Yes, one perceives that Oxford is still there.) And this is how it strikes the noble young:

It's a life full of a frantic pettiness—that is, of course, if one's going to be anything at all. One gets mixed up in a clique and spends all one's time in trying to go a little further than anyone else. Intellectual Oxford is as full of scandal and jealousy as a Cathedral town—especially jealousy. If one isn't as jealous as hell and swims for all one's worth one simply gets left behind. And it's all damnably artificial. London is better. Here, at any rate, are food and sex and the common man.

There was a certain amount of food at Oxford in my time (I, of course, am well on into my second childhood); there was even, now and then, something to drink; but—I admit it freely—there were few common men: few men, at any rate, that were not, in the view of themselves and their friends, uncommon; and as for sex, though I distinctly remember hearing the word, I cannot at this distance of time recall what was said about it. But what is this extraordinary stuff about cliques and jealousy? Oxford used not to be like that when we old folk were young barbarians all at play. We did not think of it as the place where

Uncle Paul
Was driven by excessive gloom
To drink and debt, and, last of all,
To smoking opium in his room.

Can it be that the newcomers are not so superior after all? Can it be that they have lost the ardours and generousities which used to mitigate, and perhaps to redeem, the follies and egotism of youth? Can it be, in short, that Mr. Carew is pulling our legs and laughing up his sleeve? Does he mean his young folk to be as detestable as they are? It is hard to tell, for the one really aged character in the book—a slipped pantaloons of forty-five, who has retired from business to spend his few remaining days in the country—is as detestable as his juniors. His son John tells him firmly: "The whole truth of the matter is that you people who went through the war have less right to speak than anybody"; but, nonsense for nonsense, the old man succeeds in giving almost as good as he gets. Father and son both fall in love with a queer and shadowy creature called Pamela, who adds her gust of nonsense, gets engaged to the father, and

spends a night with the son. There is a Freudian sort of hatred between the two men, but it melts into love; for when Pamela takes herself off, the two decide to live together and cheer each other up. The story is ably conceived and well written: if only the people in it were not so uniformly selfish, stupid and rude it would be extremely interesting. I do not, of course, deny that the world contains people who are uniformly selfish, stupid and rude; doubtless there are even whole sets of them; and, theoretically, it should be possible to make them, as characters in a book, no less interesting than anybody else. But Mr. Carew, with all his ability, has scarcely done that.

'The Lonely Lake' and 'Fidelity' are American novels, both long, both thoughtful. They are full of interest on their individual merits; but there is a special interest in contrasting them. Miss Ashmun I take to be a new writer; that may be mere ignorance on my part, but at any rate there is no indication that I can discover of any other work by her; whereas Miss Glaspell is well known in America, and has recently been much talked of over here. Miss Ashmun writes with the power of perfect simplicity; Miss Glaspell has the tricks and mannerisms of conscious fine writing. Both write well; but whereas Miss Ashmun has achieved something so large and noble as to fall little short of a masterpiece, Miss Glaspell constantly distracts one from her theme to her style.

'The Lonely Lake' is an epic. It has the starkness, the grandeur, and the obviousness. Its plot can be told in a few words: a husband and wife live together, the husband loving the wife, the wife loving the neighbour: the neighbour is the father of her son; the husband is insane with jealousy; and the drama is played out in the setting of harsh and melancholy nature. One of the oldest stories in the world becomes new through the beauty of the telling. In particular, the suffering, the rages and repentances of the jealous husband are among the things which, once read of, are likely to remain in the memory.

Miss Glaspell's story is similarly old and familiar, and perhaps her way of telling it can be explained by an unconscious fear that the familiarity will be noticed. A girl loves a married man: she goes away with him: his wife refuses to divorce him. The community from which the girl has fled hardens its heart against her. She lives in poverty with the man she loves: gradually, after years of struggle, the flame of their passion dies out, and nothing is left to hold them together when at last the wife does consent to set the husband free. Meanwhile, among the girl's friends one has always remained loyal to her. He is a doctor: faithful friends are always doctors or colonels, just as wicked embezzlers are always baronets: it is a law. The faithful doctor marries a vulgar, shallow little snob, who refuses to hear any good of the girl to whom he is loyal, and indeed deserts him because of his loyalty. This somewhat conventional plot is adequately handled, and the writing, despite its occasional stiltedness, is in places effective. What is wrong with it can be illustrated by a crucial paragraph: the doctor has just told the girl that the married man, the man she loves, has a bad lung and will have to go away:

He was bending over his desk, fumbling among some papers. There was no sound in the room, and at last he looked up. Stuart was not looking at Ruth and Ruth was standing there very still. When she spoke her voice was singularly quiet. "When shall we go?" she asked.

That "very still," that "singularly quiet," the whole air of control and repression, seem to me to provide a perfect example of the false-simple. What in the world was there singular in the fact of the girl's voice being quiet? Was it an occasion on which one would expect her to shout? And this defect runs right through. It is a pity: for, sentimentally, the book would be successful, if only the author would allow herself to be sentimental.

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MOTORING

LOW CENTRE OF GRAVITY

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

IN an unofficial capacity the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport, Lieut.-Colonel T. C. T. Moore-Brabazon, M.P., recently expressed the opinion that road races should be held in this country because they benefit the industry and improve the design of motor-cars. He referred to the four-wheel brakes now adopted on touring cars as an example of their usefulness. One could give other instances of design being altered from the experience gained by road races. The most notable of such improvements has been the lowering of the centre of gravity to give more staple equilibrium under all conditions of road usage. The present Lancia-Lambda 13.9 h.p. car is an outstanding example of a design in which the centre of gravity is set as low as possible and so near the road that it is almost impossible to overturn the car. Road stability is a high quality, especially in these days of increased speed and congestion of traffic.

* * *

This model has no chassis-frame proper: in order to combine strength and rigidity with light weight the steel framework of the carriage body is designed to fulfil the functions of the ordinary chassis-frame. The result is a construction of great stiffness, strong in every direction for its weight, yet not outwardly appearing to differ from the usual motor carriage. This has been effected by the longitudinal members being sheeted up to form the sides of the body of the car, the cross members acting as the radiator frame, the dashboard, the seat-struts, and backs; the propeller-shaft housing provides another central stay further to stiffen the whole construction. While its rear-axle design is on the same lines as other cars with spiral bevel drive, the front axle as an orthodox design does not exist on the Lancia-Lambda. Although the two front wheels are linked together for steering purposes, each is independent of the other in regard to vertical movement, yet both provide a rigid resistance to the reaction of the front-wheel brakes. While shock-absorbers are fitted on the rear semi-elliptical springs, each front wheel is carried on helical springs combined with an oil compressor, which acts as the hydraulic control to over-flexing. In place of the ordinary four cylinders in line design of the engine, this Lancia-Lambda has its four cylinders set vee-wise in pairs at an angle to one another, so as to give a short engine and a short crankshaft. Periodic vibration is thus overcome by stiffness, even at high speeds of engine revolution. But all these items combined help to place the centre of gravity very low, and so in the actual running of the car it is entirely free from rolling or swaying, even when driven fast round turns and corners.

* * *

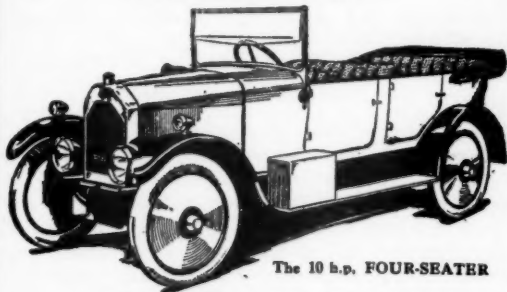
It is very objectionable to drive in a motor-car that swings its coachwork when rounding turns; the Napier designers incorporated an anti-rolling device to counteract this fault. This consists of a pair of powerful helical springs mounted at the front end of the torque tube in such a way as to counteract the turning movement of the torque tube relative to the frame of the chassis. When, however, the design of the motor carriage throws the centre of gravity very near the ground, there is no need for anti-rolling devices, especially when the chassis-frame, coach-body, and tunnel of the propeller shaft are all in one steel pressing, as in the Lancia design. It will be noticed by the careful observer of motor-carriage design that, as a result of large experience in building road-racing motor-cars, the centre of gravity of Sunbeam carriages is also low.

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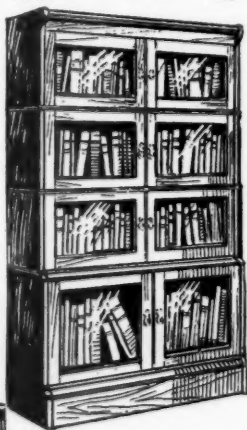
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CITY NOTES

Thursday, Lombard Street

THE offer by tender of Conversion 3½% must be deemed a success inasmuch as tenders at the minimum price of £77 10s. were not accepted. Fifty-nine million, six hundred thousand pounds was placed at an average price of just under £77 11s., the minimum figure accepted being £77 10s. 6d. I am wondering why the £8,400,000 tendered at £77 10s. was refused. Was it that the Treasury officials did not require the money, or was it a dignified gesture meant to convey the impression that the borrower is again in a position to pick and choose, and need no longer be dictated to by the lender? Conversion 3½% is, of course, a first-class investment for those who want an assured income for a generation; but I do not share the general belief that every conversion offer will be less advantageous to the lender than the preceding one. We all feel it our duty to assist the Government in reducing the charge of the war debt, but I think the Chancellor would be well advised to rest on his laurels for the time being as regards the big investor and devote a little attention to the small man. I dealt in detail with this subject last week. I would add this week one further argument. Habits of thrift and saving were killed during the war period; the factors that contributed to this were not wholly the increased cost of living and high taxation; the ease with which big wages were earned was also partly responsible. It is therefore the duty of the Government by every means in its power to educate the masses to revert to the pre-war habit of saving. The scheme outlined here last week would, in my opinion, be a step in this direction. Even if it did not result in the Government obtaining some hundreds of millions in the next few years at £4 3s. 2d. per cent., which I believe would be the case, the experiment would be justified if it helped to educate the masses to save their money.

TEXTILES

Textiles continue a good market, and I am still in favour of Courtaulds, Listers, Fine Cotton Spinners, and Paton and Baldwins. This week I propose to add another to my list—J. and P. Coats. The issued capital of the company consists of 250,000 6% Cumulative Preference shares of £10 each and 14,750,000 Ordinary shares of £1. The following table dealing with the Ordinary shares shows the highest and lowest prices and dividends during the past ten years:

		Highest.	Lowest.	Dividend.
1915	...	6½	3 31/32	6/-
1916	...	6½	5 3/32	6/-
1917	...	6 25/32	6	6/-
1918	...	8	5½	6/-
1919	...	*10½	*3½	*8/-
1920	...	4	43/-	3/6
1921	...	2 17/32	42/-	3/6
1922	...	69/6	50/-	3/6
1923	...	70/6	59/10½	3/6
1924	...	66/10½	59/3	3/6

* In 1919 there was a bonus issue of one new Ordinary share for each Ordinary share held.

I hear good reports of these Ordinary shares, and I consider them worth buying at the present price of 45s.

UNITED CARLO GATTI

My attention has been drawn to the £1 Ordinary shares of United Carlo Gatti, Stevenson and Slaters, Ltd. The issued capital of the company is £300,000, divided into £100,000 5½% Cumulative Preference of £1, and 200,000 £1 Ordinary. These Ordinary shares have received 10% tax free for the last three years. The company's financial year ends on December 31, and accounts are submitted about March. For 1924 an interim dividend of 3% has been paid. For 1923, after payment of dividends of 10%, £23,771 was carried forward, which is equivalent to a further 11½%. I hear that the company has done well in 1924, and I recommend the shares as a lock-up for dividends and capital appreciation at the present price of 2½.

B.A.T.s

The report of the twenty-second annual general meeting of the British American Tobacco Co., held this week, provides interesting reading. The chairman, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, refused to be drawn as to the future disposal of profits, and asserted that "the directors had endeavoured, by adopting a conservative financial policy, to make their shares of an investment nature." In this they have most certainly succeeded. I have in the past strongly recommended these shares, and after a careful study of the recent balance sheet and the remarks made at this meeting, I repeat the recommendation. B.A.T.s are a first-class investment, offering the prospect of increasing dividends and capital appreciation.

TEA

Despite the boiling over of the tea market, I would like to draw the attention of those who favour this market to the £1 Ordinary shares of the Carolina Tea Company of Ceylon, as I consider them worth buying as a permanent investment. The issued capital is £100,000, in 43,200 8% £1 Cumulative Preference and 56,800 £1 Ordinary. The revenue from the company's rubber is sufficient to meet the Preference dividend, so that the large profit being earned from the company's tea plantation is available for the dividend on the Ordinary shares. These Ordinary shares have received 50% for the last two years, with tea fetching about 1s. 4d. a lb. The company's product is now realizing about 2s. 3d. a lb., and this year's crop is estimated to show an increase of 40,000 lbs. The year's earnings should reach 100%. The company's position is strong and the management sound. Present price 4½.

UNION CORPORATION

Last week I suggested that my readers would be well advised to invest in Union Corporation at 46s. By the time my notes appeared the price was 48s. 6d. Such incidents cannot be avoided when markets are active. This week I repeat my recommendation at the present price. The Corporation must have had an exceptionally prosperous time, and I see no reason why in 1925 they should not rise to over 60s. To my mind they are an excellent mining investment to lock away for handsome dividends and capital appreciation.

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Company Meeting

BRITISH-AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

A SUCCESSFUL YEAR

THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of British-American Tobacco Company, Limited, was held on the 12th inst., at the offices of the Company, Westminster House, 7, Millbank, S.W.

Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Bart. (the chairman), presided.

The Chairman said: Gentlemen,—As you are aware, it is usual at our Annual Meeting to go through the various items of the Balance Sheet and make some comments thereon.

Taking the Assets side of the Balance Sheet first, you will observe that the item of Real Estate and Buildings at cost, less provision for amortization of leaseholds £488,449, shows an increase of £4,403 as compared with last year.

Plant, machinery, furniture, and fittings at cost or under, £497,432, shows a decrease of £24,186. This is mainly accounted for by transfers to Subsidiary Companies.

Goodwill, Trademarks, and Patents remain at the same figure as last year, viz.: £200,000, and in view of the great value of the Company's Trademarks the Directors remain of the opinion that this item should appear on the Balance Sheet, even if only at the nominal value of £200,000.

A number of our Associated Companies during the past year, owing to the expansion of their business, have increased their indebtedness to us and consequently loans to and Current Accounts with Associated Companies, £6,459,854, show an increase of £1,647,996. These amounts we preferred to let them have by way of loan, at any rate for the time being, rather than by raising the capital by the issue of new shares.

Investments in Associated Companies show an increase from £15,620,374 to £16,032,944. This is the largest item on the Assets side, and shows an increase this year of £412,570. We have made investments during the past year by increasing our holdings in several Associated Companies.

Stocks of Leaf, Manufactured Goods, and Materials at cost or under, now stands at £6,148,602, or an increase of £682,207, represented almost entirely by an increase in stocks of Leaf Tobacco. The Stocks of Leaf, Manufactured Goods, and Materials have been carried at cost or under as in previous years.

Sundry Debtors, less provision for doubtful debts and debit balances, now stand at £651,963, a reduction of £442,747.

Cash at Bankers, in Transit and at Call, £2,825,784, shows a decrease of £1,421,256. This decrease is accounted for by increased loans to and investments in various of our Associated Companies during the year, as already referred to.

Turning to the Liabilities side of the Balance Sheet, the issued capital of 4,500,000 Preference Shares remains the same, but the issue of Ordinary Shares is increased from 16,071,327 to 16,071,402, an addition of 75 shares. This is due to 75 shares issued to shareholders in respect of belated acceptances of the issue of shares under the Resolution of the 10th May, 1920.

Creditors and Credit Balances, £4,922,452, represents an increase of £277,656 on the figure at which it stood last year. The greater portion of these balances consists of provision for taxation to British, Dominion, and Foreign Governments, and moneys deposited by our Associated Companies.

The item of Reserves for Buildings and Machinery remains at the same figure as last year, viz.: £500,000, which your Directors consider sufficient.

Premium on Ordinary Shares issued has increased from £444,967 to £462,433. The explanation of the increase is that one of the officials who had shares allotted to him in 1923, under the resolution of the 11th of January, 1922, died before the completion of his five years' agreement, and his executors had, under that Agreement, to pay an additional price for the purchase of the shares allotted to him.

Provision for redemption of Coupons now stands at £55,670, or an increase of £6,764.

Special Reserve has increased from £1,257,715 to £1,271,817, an increase of £14,102. As your Chairmen have stated in speeches in previous years, this account was created in which to carry profits of a Capital nature.

This brings me to the last item, viz.:—Profit and Loss Account. The Accounts show a net profit for the year, after deducting all charges and providing for Income Tax and Corporation Tax, of £4,866,265, an increase of £371,294 over the previous year, which the Directors trust the shareholders will consider as being very satisfactory. (Hear, hear.)

Last year we carried forward a balance of £4,978,271, out of which we paid a final dividend of 9 per cent., amounting to

£1,446,425, which left us with a disposable balance of £3,531,845. During the year some additional coupons have been deposited with us in respect of the shares issuable in pursuance of the extraordinary resolution of the shareholders of the 10th May, 1920, and we have allotted to shareholders 75 Ordinary Shares of £1 each and a sum of £75 is deducted from the balance, leaving £3,531,770. To this must be added the profits for the year as previously mentioned, £4,866,265, less the Preference dividend amounting to £225,000, and the four interim dividends paid on the Ordinary Shares for the year, amounting to £2,651,781, leaving a disposable balance of £5,521,255, out of which the Directors recommend the distribution on January 19th instant of a final dividend (free of British Income Tax) on the issued Ordinary Shares of 2s. per share, amounting to £1,607,140, leaving £3,914,115 to be carried forward, all of which is required in the operations of the Company.

The profit for the year now under review does not include any amount in respect of claim for refund of Excess Profits Tax, which was mentioned in your Chairman's speech last year, and which has not yet been adjusted.

I now formally beg to move the adoption of the Report and Balance Sheet for the year ended 30th September, 1924, including payment on the 19th January instant of a final dividend of 2s. per share upon the issued Ordinary Shares, free of British Income Tax.

I may also mention that the Directors have declared for the year 1924-25 an Interim Dividend of 10d. per share, free of British Income Tax, also payable on the 19th January, so that the shareholders will receive on that date 2s. 10d. per share.

I will now ask Mr. Gilchrist to second the Resolution, and when that has been done, if there are any questions to be put or comments to be made on the Balance Sheet it will be a convenient time to do so.

Mr. S. J. Gilchrist (one of the Deputy Chairmen) seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. W. R. Simpson: I beg to propose:—"That Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Bt., Messrs. Edgar Simson Bowling, James Daniel Gilliam, Robert Campbell Harrison, and Kenelm Stanley Smith be re-elected directors of the company until the annual general meeting to be held for the year ending 30th September, 1927."

Mr. W. G. Thompson: I have much pleasure in seconding that resolution.

The motion was unanimously approved.

Sir Joseph Hood, Bt.: I have great pleasure in moving:—"That Sir William Plender, O.B.E., be re-elected auditor of the company for the present year at an inclusive fee of £1,500 for the audit." Really, sir, no words are necessary to commend this resolution. Sir William Plender has been the auditor of the company since its inception, and I hope he will long continue to occupy that position. His work is always entirely satisfactory, and I am sure that with a gentleman of his eminence acting as auditor the shareholders will be fully protected.

Mr. W. H. Read: I beg to second the motion.

The resolution was passed unanimously.

The Chairman: That, ladies and gentlemen, concludes the meeting, and I thank you for your kind attendance.

VOTE OF THANKS.

Mr. W. W. Waldron: Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to propose "That a hearty vote of thanks be accorded to the Chairman for his conduct in the chair, and to the directors and the staff for the efficient management of the affairs of the company during the past year." I am sure it is the wish of every shareholder that I should express our very great pleasure and satisfaction upon the excellent report which has been presented to us, and offer our congratulations to the directors of the company, and to the staff, on the success which they have achieved. (Applause.) Perhaps some other shareholder will be kind enough to second that resolution.

Mr. H. Pimbury: Ladies and gentlemen, I have very great pleasure in seconding that resolution.

The vote was unanimously accorded.

The Chairman: Mr. Waldron, ladies and gentlemen, on behalf of the board and the staff of this company I thank you very much for the kind resolution which you have proposed and carried.

The proceedings then terminated.

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Dr.			LIABILITIES			ASSETS		
			£	s.	d.		£	Cr. s. d.
To Capital paid up	1,060,000	0	0	By Coin, Bank and Currency Notes and Balance at Bank of England	...	5,521,176 12 6
To Reserve Fund	530,000	0	0	By Balances with and Cheques in course of Collection on other Banks in the United Kingdom	...	1,669,772 4 4
To Current, Deposit and other Accounts	30,153,907	10	1	By Money at Call and at Short Notice	...	6,278,200 0 0
To Acceptances and Engagements on account of Customers	1,829,344	0	2	By Bills Discounted	...	1,148,347 4 8
To Reduction of the Bank Premises Account	168,661	4	3	By Investments:—		
						British Government Securities (including £326,241 deposited as Security for Public Accounts)	8,608,194 18 11	
						Other Securities	750,634 1 4	
							9,358,829 0 3	
						By Advances to Customers and other Accounts	7,340,743 12 9	
						By Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances and Engagements as per contra	1,682,344 0 2	
						By Bank and other Premises (Freehold)	698,000 0 0	
							33,794,412 14 6	
			£33,794,412	14	6			

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